Of the province of the poet in the present day it is unnecessary now to speak: that of the architect still calls, and calls loudly, for remark and animadversion.

Of all the fine arts architecture is most naturally and inalienably associated with and related to the present, and to be benefited by every improvement in mechanical science. The architect's province is to work in obedience to the spirit, and according to the scientific status, of the age; to take the elements of his style, the material characters of his architecture from nature, through the medium of or assisted by extant works of art; but in the exercise of his profession he is to throw these into the mould of the actual requirements of the day, remembering that the age demands at his hands, and will not forgive in his work the non-recognition of the gifts of science. No true building is the fruit of a single mind: the chemist, the mineralogist, the founder, the manufacturer, all have their claim upon the design, in the face of which is reflected the light of all science: the experience of the ventilator, the theories of heating and lighting, the laws of acoustics, optics, &c. are all to have expression in the works of the day. And while architecture is administered to by all, it administers to all in return,—to commerce, to law, to politics, to religion, to literature, to science,—the requirements of which the architect must consider and understand: from these he must receive his commissions and march with their advance. The architect that has imbibed the true and living principle of his art feels himself forced onward by the physical, moral, religious, and social requirements of his countrymen,—the necessities of the body and the needs of the spirit; which are served by architecture, and served with perfect harmony; there being nothing, however humble, reared for mere utility, which may not be made an object for the exercise of the art-feeling.

The architect is, therefore, to express his own ideas, gathered from every source, modified by every natural and scientific influence and consideration, in his own tongue; not to put them in masquerade from the material clothing of ancient or foreign ideas, without fitness, harmony, or relation to the present. Architecture is not the child of archæology—the creature of the traveller's sketch-book. It is the offspring of its time; and its mission here is to originate not Greek temples or Romanesque churches or Swiss cottages, but British and nineteenth century edifices instinct with the life, and according to their peculiar purpose, embodying the ideas of the present hour.

I speak not against the use of classic elements, nor the elements of any other style: we may use these as we use words of a Latin or other source without pedantry; but they are to be digested in our minds till they become our own, and they are to be used as language only. Those who act or think counter to this I would ask,—has nature failed in her suggestions and teachings? In fact, it is incumbent upon the copyist in architecture to prove that nature, the immortal, the Hebe-mother, had maintained her vigour and freshness up to a certain point in the past, but is now exhausted, worn out, and unable to supply an æsthetic system adapted to the wants of the present generation.

But surely we are to make some use of extant art, it will be replied. Certainly we are. We are to make great use of it; just the same use of it that all wise literary men have made of extant literature; the same use that Dante and Spencer made of preceding poets; that Plato made of the wisdom of Socrates; just the same use that Watt and Davy made of known science. We are to study its principles, and as far as they are true to nature adopt them. Our ancient edifices are not patterns for the eye and hand, but food for the mind. We may take hints from the Italian and from the mediæval architects, as we would from one another; but we should no more copy them either in whole or in part, than we should compose a poem of borrowed stanzas. Nature, our type and model, is an infinity; and the elements supplied by her, truthfully and faithfully organised, will result in harmonious and living works worthy of the nineteenth century.

I have spoken of poetry and architecture as deriving their origin from the religious feelings: the same is true of the other branches of art—of sculpture, painting, and music; though of these the first alone makes any near artistic approach in date to the dawning glories of their predecessors. Nor is this delay in manifestation difficult to account for. In the case of the poet his inspiration relaxes in the hour of its strength the bonds of rule, and his thoughts mould themselves into metrical form, more by the power of a natural intuition, than by that of an acquired critical knowledge; while in that of the architect the materials of his art are open to almost any extent of modification, to meet the requirements of a varied idea; and hence we often see in our older structures the architectural expression of the feeling of different periods united in one harmonious whole. In the remaining branches of art this is not the case: there, to produce a really artistic result, manipulative exactitude must be coequal and co-existent with ideal discrimination; and the handling of the painter and the touch of the musician must give back an *immediate* as well as true reflection of the ideal image conceived in his mind. But this faculty in ordinary cases it takes years to acquire, and in the preternaturally gifted, a lifetime thoroughly to unfold; and hence we may comprehend why the imitative branches of art were doomed to a longer period of infancy than either the more exclusively ideal or the more extensively mechanical. Of the former, sculpture seems earliest to have arrived at years of art-maturity; for its manipulations admit to some extent of the same modifications as those of architecture: and the sculptor's chisel can follow at a greater distance the idea of its master than the implements of the painter or the musician, and can attain by reiterated action that nicety of excellence which the pencil or the musical instrument, to give effectively, must give at once.

There is, perhaps, another reason why sculpture achieved so great an advance of painting: though both arts arose under the influence of religion and were each first employed on the temple, painting was used as an embellishment only, or to represent the attributes of the Deity, and in times of distress and warfare, being less indispensable, its operations would be suspended and its cultivation neglected; whilst sculpture was altogether necessary to the idolatrous rites of paganism, the exigencies of which would at all times require the whole talent of the nation to be employed in its production.

Ancient sculpture appears to us chiefly in two forms,—viz. 1stly, that of historic or mythic records; 2ndly, of material representations of spiritual powers: the first appears more frequently in the form of relievos; the second, of single or grouped figures. Moreover, there is a very remarkable difference between the sculptural productions of different nations: in some, as in the Egyptian and Ninevite, the relievos are rude and formal general resemblances—the figures, extravagant and unnatural combinations: in others, as in the Greek, the relievos are artistic combinations of form, the figures visible types of its ideal or symbolic excellence. If it be asked (and the question naturally arises) whence this great difference, I know no more fit and concise answer than the line of Spencer, that

"Soul is form, and doth the body make."

Or, in other words, the intellectual manifestation derives its character from that of the spiritual. Where this last is either in deficiency or excess, it leads to social debasement and mental superstition; but as it the nearer approaches to a just balance with the intellect, we find it manifested in a purer and higher form of art. The Jews possessed the purest and most perfect spiritual theory; and in the Old Testament we find the most sublime examples of the highest development of art—poetry: the Grecian mythology presents us with the nearest spiritual approach, and that nation offers us the most excellent examples of poetry short of direct inspiration, and also the most perfect specimen of that imitative art of sculpture, which the lower and more indirect nature of their spiritualism rendered a necessary exponent. The Egyptians, with a more extravagant current of spiritualism, overlaid the intellect; and their art-exposition, typified in the fantastic hawk-headed Osiris, the same ideal power which the more exalted imagination of the Greek Agasias symbolized in the Apollo Belvidere. If the office of the architect is to idealize construction, that of the sculptor may be said to be the idealization of the human form: the one fitly symbolizes the soul-feeling of the congregated masses; the other, through the artistic excellence of corporeal resemblance, typifies the worth and dignity of that individual spirit whose shrine the body is; and the Parthenon, the expression of the religious feeling of the whole Athenian people, enshrined in its Minerva the type of the individual intellect whose combined powers rose to so beautiful and grand a summit of development. It is this exalting association with humanity that gives to the Greek sculpture that æsthetic superiority which it possesses in so great a degree over that of contemporary or preceding nations: the gods of the Greek sculptor did not confound and terrify the sense by unnatural combinations of form, or overcome the imagination by their colossal size, like the art-deities of Egypt and of Nineveh: their power and beauty lie not in a mysterious and overcoming strangeness, but in an exalted and uplifting similitude; and through the whole range of the sculptural mythology—in the Jupiter, the Apollo, the Diana, the Venus, the Hercules, the Minerva, the Mars, we see corporeal types of the excellencies of human dignity, grace, purity, love, strength, wisdom, and courage, of the intellectual powers and passions of men: thus the sculptor, like the poet and the architect, in the bright morning of art, was the exponent of the intellect, acting under the stimulus of the spirit's aspiration.

Sculpture, it should be observed, is independent of poetry in choice of walk: it is because poetry is the eldest that it has so often been the conceiver and inventor for other arts. Ancient sculpture followed in the footsteps of poetry, and petrified her conceptions; but had poetry slumbered through the morning of time, or delayed her advent till the other arts had reached their perfection, it is more than probable that most of such works would nevertheless have been produced. "Art," says a German writer, "would itself have arrived at and invented gods, had it not found them:" and it is possible that many of the highest and exclusive triumphs of poetry, as far as within its scope to embody them, would have been won by sculpture, and the Iliads and Odysseis have been written in stone.

But sculpture, like her preceding sisters of art, was destined to descend from her exalted pedestal, and follow out her mission in humbler paths. When polytheism sank before the growing power of Christianity, the classic school of sculpture sank with it; for those pure nudities which to the nature-worshipping imagination of the pagan were exaltations of humanity, to the spiritualism of the early Christian were idolatrous images of sin; and when sculpture obtained an entrance into mediæval art, it was under more rigid restrictions, and in a different relation to that of the classic age. The chief and almost the only nude figure in the early Christian sculpture is the one stretched in the ghastly agony of the crucifix; and this not as an example of art, whose path lies not through the degrading shadows of physical torture, but as a visible sign and exponent of a most momentous issue.

In its subordinate range Christian mediæval sculpture sank at first far below the life of the classic, and the saint was known, not by the vivid energy of the contour and expression, but by the accompaniment of his particular symbol.—Paul, the sword: Lawrence, the gridiron: Catharine, the wheel. And when ascending from sanctified humanity into the higher regions of heaven, sculpture assayed the forms of angels, she was doomed to sphinx-like ingenuity of artifice, and typified the heavenly host by adding to the figure of man the wings of an eagle. But while thus restricted in its development, and reduced by

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